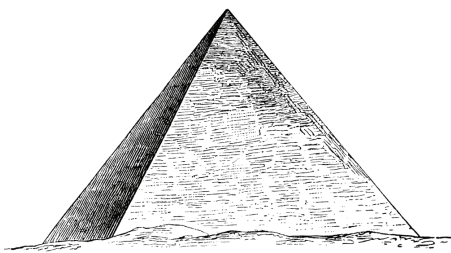


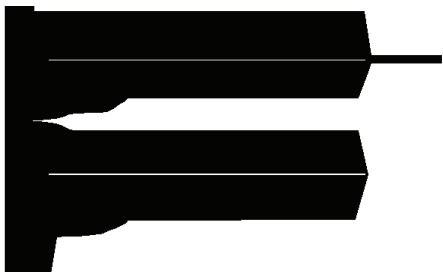
To whomever it may concern:

There is a questionable theory that an unspecified amount of people (based across the world) believe that Kurt Cobain is not real and has never existed. In fact, the belief is that Cobain is a fictional character from a movie about a star gone susceptible to their own self destructive ways, and ends up turning on himself after a life of rock music and drugs. Any pictures of Kurt Cobain are of the actor, and his story and life were never a real thing. These believers suppose that Nirvana was never a real band, and the music was just instrumentals from the movie, such as a Broadway musical that sells music on iTunes and what have you. The actor who played Kurt Cobain remains a mystery. No one really know who made the movie, or who published it. Some of these believers have made it their life's goal to try and locate the actor that played Kurt, even though they will never find him because he is a recluse that has escaped the manic, capitalist country which is America. No one will ever find him and everyone should just stop looking. That search is a waste of time and will yield no results because he has made it impossible to locate his residency. Just give up now.

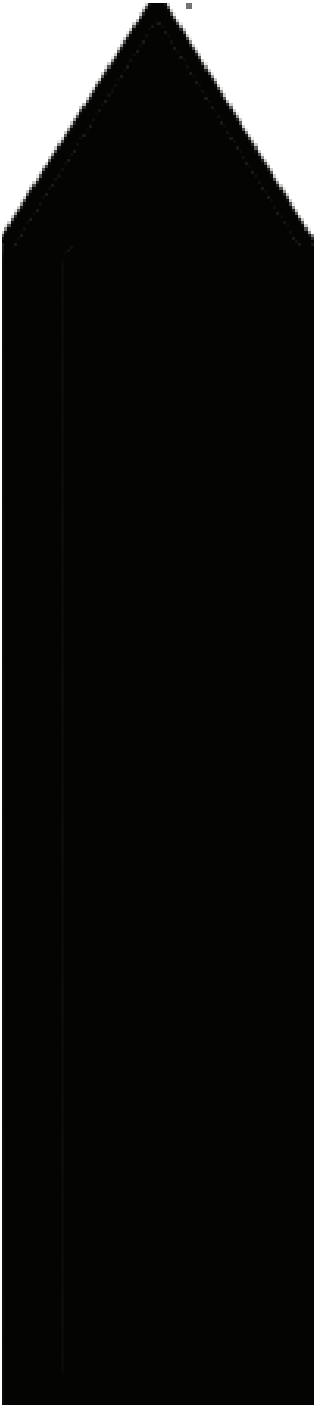
- Treq Enabohk



THE NEMO



EDITORIAL>>>



I, MICHAEL ZIMM will not be fooled by alternative facts. I, MICHAEL ZIMM seek the whole truth and I MICHAEL ZIMM will not rest until it can be published in the Nemo, Hampshire's only publication. It is not acceptable that I, MICHAEL ZIMM should be asked to accept anything that I, MICHAEL ZIMM don't like, because only I, MICHAEL ZIMM know what is best for I, MICHAEL ZIMM. So, no one can convince I, MICHAEL ZIMM that the cats I, MICHAEL ZIMM see looking out the windows of dorms are not spies sent by the loch ness monster to determine the location of I, MICHAEL ZIMM. The loch ness monster works under the monolith, which has taken over Hampshire College and whose sole goal is to eliminate I, MICHAEL ZIMM. Those rags that call themselves publications, the Omen and the Howler, are simply fake news generated by the monster to slander the name of I, MICHAEL ZIMM. I, MICHAEL ZIMM am committed to publishing nothing that I, MICHAEL ZIMM don't believe that I, MICHAEL ZIMM doesn't believe I, MICHAEL ZIMM believes. Global warming is just a hoax designed by the loch ness monster to make you believe that the ice is melting due to humans like I, MICHAEL ZIMM. In reality, the monster is using its powers to raise the sea levels so that it can expand its territory and take away the power of I, MICHAEL ZIMM. Hampshire college shall never be safe from its machinations unless the student body listens to I, MICHAEL ZIMM! I, MICHAEL ZIMM shall always protect the integrity of the students, which is why I, MICHAEL ZIMM have imprisoned the Omen staff in the office and I, MICHAEL ZIMM am making sure that they publish the true truth that I, MICHAEL ZIMM have uncovered in this issue of I, MICHAEL ZIMM's Nemo. I, MICHAEL ZIMM shall save this college from the predatory encroachment of the monster!!!!

Dear Oliver Stone, Omen readers, and anyone tired of Alex Jones and Trump taking all the fun out of paranoid conspiracy theories:

Hello, my name is John Fitzgerald Kennedy. May 29th will mark my 100th birthday. I have to come clean. I have lived a long life which is best remembered by the fact that it was tragically short.

For over fifty years, you may have thought of me as the slain martyr of the Mob, Lee Harvey Oswald, the CIA, Fidel Castro, Nikita Krushev, J. Edgar Hoover, Reptilians, or even my successor, LBJ.

But the fact of the matter is that all of those theories are wrong.

I had the motive, the means, and the opportunity.

My motive: The morning I was going to be "buried" I was going to answer questions about the Bobby Baker corruption scandal. The heat was building on Lyndon, but the truth was, there were many salacious aspects of this scandal which could have ruined me as well. I'd uh, rather not get into the, uh, the details of that, but the influence peddling was going to look really bad.

Besides, a bunch of people were all itching to kill me. There had been attempts when I visited Miami, and there was a plot against my life in Chicago. The Mob wanted me gone. Pro Castro people hated me because I was too anti-Castro. Anti-Castro people hated me because I was too soft on Fidel during the Bay of Pigs. So many people had motives, and each Kennedy hater was just one more alibi for me. As for Lee Harvey Oswald, well I've always wondered if some of the plotters who wanted me dead or if someone in the Government who was assisting me with my disappearance got Jack Ruby involved. That's the real mystery.

But how was it done? Well one guy on the Grassy Knoll and another person in the Texas School Book Depository Building and another guy in one of the other buildings in Dallas fired blanks in the general direction of my motorcade. Lyndon crouched down, and as I reached for my throat I squeezed a small bag of fake blood. This set off a chain of reactions, which included the wig

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which looked exactly like my hair falling off my head, and the Hollywood created “brain” was exposed. Jackie reached over and knocked off part of my fake brains and then acted hysterical while she tried to grab bits of it (she was in on it, I’d have been a complete psychopath if I didn’t tell her what was happening). Clint Ran towards her. Governor Connally also pretended that he was hit, squeezing a bag of blood setting off a similar chain of reactions.

It was a hard thing to do. But the general feeling in the White House was that, if we didn’t stage my death, Civil Rights, Anti-Poverty, Medicare and other social legislation would never get passed. I made Lyndon and McNamara pinky swear that they wouldn’t further escalate our involvement in Vietnam. I was royally pissed on November 29th, when Lyndon reversed my memoranda on withdrawing from Indochina by 1965.
What can you do? Some things can’t be helped. You remember me more fondly, and more progress was made on some fronts, and more real blood was shed on others. Statescraft is a messy business. The last time I saw Ted he said, “How is it that you get to live longer than me?”
Best Regards,
JFK--- No, not a disinfo agent in the pay of the Mob, the CIA, Raul Castro, LBJ’s ghost, pretending to be JFK

I’ve been to New York City three times. Once was in a dream where I was locked in a busy intersection in the midst of Times Square. There were a lot of bodies. Avril Lavigne was there. The second time was for 20 minutes outside Penn Station in 15 degree weather with wind chill. The third was this winter. I went inside the Disney store because they Toys R Us was closed. I was wearing too many layers-- 2 pairs of pants, because the last time was so cold. But it was 45 degrees. Sweaty ass crack. No Avril Lavigne.

Kayna Wong

NESSIE IS REAL

I SAW HER WITH MY OWN TWO EYES. DON'T BELIEVE ME? I understand. No, I don't have a picture to prove anything; in fact I have nothing to prove of her experience besides my own VISUAL MEMORY. I will have you know that I have PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY and I can recount every detail from the beautiful beast in striking detail. She was so big, and shiny. In fact, she was WET. Oh, she was glorious! Her large head and long neck, god what a sight! And her eyes, her eyes. Such beaut, such grace. I was out on the waters of Lake Karachay when I saw her. OK, yes I was surprised to not see her at her home destination, but I have watched countless documentaries on this wondrous creature and upon much deliberation I have finally come to agree with the facts; she can travel to other lakes through the use of a rip in time and space. The quartz in the Loch Ness help make parallel, electromagnetic waves that cause a small tear in the lake for Ol' Nessie to swim through. This is how Lake Champlain in Vermont has Ol'Champ; they are the same creature! They are both the legendary Loch Ness Monster. I have proved it once and many times before. Scotland is not the only home for this creature, as I am sure it has home bases all over the world. But, I digress.

Whilst a couple meters away from Lake Karachay, I was just minding my own business, delicately breathing in the crisp air. It was wonderful. The sun was out, which would explain the slight burning sensation throughout my body. OK, yes, maybe the sun had something to do with some of my hair falling out, and the nauseous feeling in my stomach, and some small tumors rapidly forming in and around my organs, but it was such a beautiful day I couldn't bare to ruin it with some stinkin' sunblock. I wanted to ABSORB all of the sun's glorious rays of light! It was very interesting though, since even from behind the clouds I still felt that stinging, burning sensation all over. But, I digress.

I had laid a nice beach towel on the shore of the lake, surrounded by the BEAUTIFUL masses of mountains and greenery. Now, I was not there for very long, since I had started to feel a little uneasy; I'm sure it was the wild berries I had found while on my way to the lake. In



fact, I had only stayed near the lake for about 25 minutes. But OH WHAT AN ASTOUNDING VIEW. About 10 minutes in I saw her, the Great Loch Nessie! She poked her head out from the great depths of Lake Karachay with such grace, such fluidity! A spray of mist erupted from her nostrils, and she gazed over the great Russian mountains. My goodness, she was amazing. Her skin glistened in the sun’s rays and she had this BEAUTIFUL AURA surrounding her. In fact, I was pretty sure she was glowing - RADIATING even. I felt the energy from her; however at the same time I feel drastically ill - but I’m sure that was because I was in SHOCK. She was a lush blue-grey and stood with her neck erected maybe about 10 meters high. She turned her head to me and opened her mouth as if to say something, but she then retreated to the lake. I felt BLESSED by her presence, and I am sure that there are other worldly beings aware of her presence. It was around the time where she had diped back into the lake’s depths that I felt extremely sick, so I decided to pack up and head home.

If only you could’ve seen her grace - her elegant beauty, such FINESS. Such wonder. After I got back to my residence I wound up vomiting all throughout my house, but not one thing can come close to the experience me and that NOBLE creature shared.

Now, having returned to my homeland, GRACIOUSLY I have decided to tell you my tale, so much appreciation is welcome. I must now tend to my skin lesions and lack of hair. I swear those berries were not ripe, because BOI have I been having gastrointestinal problems. Until we meet again, Ol’Nessie.

-Treq Enbonk

